

### SELECTIVE INDIGNATION

by NOEL HUNT

"Anger is never without an argument, but seldom with a good one" — Lord Halifax, *Works*.

One of the distinguishing marks of the man of the left is his capacity for instant indignation. Show him what he chooses to regard as an injustice and we are all deafened by his well-publicised expostulations. Yet he is curiously selective in his indignation.

While it existed, Rhodesia was one of the targets of his wrath it was, he cried, a fascist state. He was unmoved by the fact that Rhodesia was, in fact, a bastion of capitalism and private enterprise, while fascism is, of course, a form of the socialism so dear to all men of goodwill. Now that he has succeeded in destroying Rhodesia and clamping a brutal and bloody tyranny on its unfortunate inhabitants, the liberal has turned his attention to South Africa. South Africa's policy is, very sensibly, to allow the separate development of all races in their own way and at their own speed in their own areas. This makes the liberal angry because he sees it as "discrimination", which is by definition bad in his book. Yet the inability to discriminate is, as any doctor will tell you, one of the classic symptoms of feeble-mindedness. In South Africa, screams the liberal, blacks are forbidden to vote in white elections by reason of the fact that they are black. For the same reason, they may not own property in white areas. Further, when a black man enters a white area he is required to register himself and to comply with the provisions of the Pass Laws which do so much to raise the blood pressure of the man of goodwill. Against these breaches of "fundamental human rights" he will write, speak, demonstrate and fulminate endlessly.

There is another side to the coin. In the black states of Kwa-Zulu, Bupotswana and so on, whites are forbidden to vote. Nor may they own land or carry on a business in those areas. Even worse, when whites enter black areas laws passed by blacks require them to register and to submit themselves to the pass laws of the black states. Not a word of liberal protest has ever been heard about these shocking infringements of fundamental human rights to which the white are subjected simply because of the colour of their skins. In a favourite liberal phrase, they are made second-class citizens

in the land of their birth. Not a single man of goodwill has yet raised his voice in protest about this. One wonders why. Why it is absolutely wrong and an offence against the conscience of mankind when whites enforce a law on blacks, but perfectly in order when blacks do the same thing to whites?

This capacity for selective disapprobation goes further. In many black African states whites are forbidden to own land or businesses by reason of the fact that they are white. Nor may they vote in elections. What man of goodwill has spoken one word of protest about this? Why? To him all men are brothers. He is vociferous enough if a black is denied the right to run a business or to vote in England.

#### Liberal Silence

Russia is very sensibly determined that her society shall not be infected by the sickness of the West, and makes it plain that contacts between her people and foreigners are to be kept to a minimum. What liberal has organised a protest about this? Why has no man of goodwill demanded that visits by Russians to Britain be curbed and that they be forbidden contact with the British people? Russia would hardly object. Since she does it herself, she obviously thinks it a good idea. Why has no liberal every gone on a hunger strike about this or, better still, doused himself with petrol and become a human torch to draw attention to this Russian breach of human rights?

Some months ago the Chinese government issued a statement saying that affairs between Chinese and Westerners would not be tolerated. The intention is obviously that Chinese blood shall not be tainted by a Western — in this case French — admixture. This blatant piece of racialism was hardly noticed by the media in the West. Why? Why did no group of "concerned men of goodwill" demonstrate outside the Chinese embassy? Why did no trendy cleric parade his exquisitely tender sensibilities, all lacerated by the ghastly bit of racialism, for our edification? They are quick enough to clutter up the pavement outside the South African embassy.

South Africa frowns upon inter-racial marriages for excellent reasons and is therefore subjected to world-wide execration by countries who covertly do



the same. The Israeli and the Caste Indian and Hindu enforce the same excellent rule. What liberal has ever spoken out against these countries, and why have they remained silent? They are vociferous enough about South Africa. The Jews have remained the immensely talented and gifted race that they are for thousands of years by the rigorous practice of racial segregation. Not a word of condemnation from the man of goodwill for this eminently sensible practice has been heard. When the South African, equally proud of his own excellent racial stock, wishes to preserve it he is condemned universally and out of hand. Why?

It is apparently an article of faith with all liberals that the greatest crime a man can commit is to be guilty of "racial discrimination". Blacks, we are told, are particularly sensitive to this practice and hold it abhorrent above all things. "A burning hatred of racial discrimination", we are told, lies at the root of any unrest in South Africa. It was the same feeling which, we are told by the same people, led the terrorists in Rhodesia to do the appalling things which they did to their own people. Unfortunately, the facts do not support the argument that blacks hate discrimination. One black in every three in Rhodesia was a foreigner who had come of his own free will apparently so that he could subject himself to the misery of racial laws. Yet he had but to stay at home where he would have been free of these supposed injustices and, in fact, could have discriminated against whites on purely racial grounds with the full approval of "world opinion". The same situation obtains in South Africa. Tens of thousands of blacks enter illegally and subject themselves to a system which we are told that they abhor. Why do they do it if they find discrimination as distasteful as we are told?

To hear the liberal talking one would suppose that only the white man was capable of thinking racially. No liberal has yet explained why it is that African burial societies, co-operatives and social clubs are organised on strictly tribal, that is to say, racial lines. If racial feeling is unknown to blacks, why is it that the South African papers are full of reports of what are called "faction fights"? These are, in fact, inter-tribal battles fought between tribes who, however much it may pain men of goodwill, do not like each other. What of the dislike of the Fingo for the Pushman, and the outspoken contempt of the Zulu for both of them? Why it is that these racial feelings never attract the attention of the liberal, while any attempt by the white to associate only with those of his own race "outrages the conscience of mankind?"

Liberals, of course, cannot err so we must accept what they say when they tell us that the black man

abhors racial discrimination. Equally, one cannot doubt the figures of illegal entrants to South Africa, nor that these entrants will do almost anything to avoid eviction. This being so, one must surely conclude that the black man *likes* being oppressed and will go to considerable trouble to ensure that he is. On the facts, and if the liberals are right, blacks must be masochists to a man, loving to kiss the knout. The only other possible conclusion is that the black does not find discrimination by any means as repugnant as we are told he does, accepts it as a fact of life and practises it himself whenever he can.

It does not take much research or much thought to show that most of the statements about the evils of "racialism" and "racial discrimination" are false. Yet they are repeated endlessly. Perhaps it was a situation like this that Mark Twain had in mind when he remarked: "One of the striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives."

## RUPERT LAID BARE

"... Biographical details of Murdoch's past are sketchy and often contradictory. One reads that his grandfather was an impoverished Presbyterian minister who emigrated to Australia from England, that his father was a low-paid reporter for a British newspaper in Australia, and yet, young Rupert divided his time between his family's comfortable suburban home near Melbourne and the family's sheep ranch in the country. He was educated first at the fashionable Geelong private school, and went on to the elitist and aristocratic Oxford University in England.

"Rupert's father Sir Keith Murdoch attained his prominent position in Australian society through a fortuitous marriage to the daughter of a wealthy Jewish family, *nee* Elisabeth Joy Greene. Through his wife's connections, Keith Murdoch was subsequently promoted from reporter to chairman of the British-owned newspaper where he worked. There was enough money to buy himself a knighthood of the British realm, two newspapers in Adelaide, South Australia, and a radio station in a faraway mining town. For some reason, Murdoch has always tried to hide the fact that his pious mother brought him up as a Jew . . ."

— with acknowledgement to "The Spotlight".



# A QUESTION OF IRISH UNITY

by A. K. CHESTERTON

The *Sunday Telegraph's* Ivan Rowan remarked a few weeks ago that perhaps fifteen years of reporting on Irish affairs has made him a bit cynical, but if, in the wake of the New Ireland Forum's call for Irish unity, Mrs. Thatcher actually set a date for withdrawal from the Six Counties, he could picture the Irish Government accusing her of unprecedented irresponsibility! A. K. Chesterton made some observations on the divided nature of Ireland's psyche in a chapter of his unpublished autobiography, *Blame Not My Lute*, an extract from which we print below. No one would doubt Ireland's aspiration for a united country is deep-seated and profound, but is there really the appetite for the reality, the grave risks constitutional change in the North could mean for the South? — *Editor*.

... During our visit it was arranged for us to be received by the Prime Minister. The eyes of Mr. Costello, which even in repose look as if they are smouldering, leapt into flames and he banged upon his desk to emphasise my folly.

"You are talking nonsense, Mr. Chesterton," he thundered, "would not insult your intelligence by supposing that you believe such rubbish."

The topic of conversation, needless to say, was the partition of Ireland, which a visitor to that delightful country nowadays might conclude was the only political issue in the world that really mattered. Even the strongest and most taciturn of Irishmen seem to find the subject irresistible. Mr. Costello, who did my wife and me the great honour of receiving us at Government House, began by saying that he proposed not to talk politics, but the temptation was too strong. He sacrificed an entire hour of his valuable time in an endeavour to rid my mind of any absurdities it might be harbouring about the partition problem.

The occasion of this reproach — there were several during the hour — was a remark of mine not intended to be taken very seriously. It was that, were the question of partition settled, it seemed likely that the rival parties, in electoral appeals to traditional anti-British sentiment, might be found racing neck-and-neck to claim the Isle of Man or to create irredentist movements in the Highlands, Wales, Cornwall and Brittany. The conceit was nonsensical, of course, but that is what I meant it to be. A valid argument is sometimes strengthened by an extravagant illustration. I did not then understand that the Irish sense of humour, joyous and wide-ranging though it may be, refuses to take this particular jump. Partition is no laughing matter. I was not aware of just how solemnly it must be treated until later in the day, when a reporter from one of the big Dublin newspapers greatly flattered me by waiting upon me for an interview. He began by asking my views on partition and ended, with some warmth of feeling, by giving me the benefit of

his own. I had told him, with what I vainly hoped was a deft diplomatic touch, that I was in favour of a speedy solution to the problem on any terms satisfactory to both sides, which did not involve a British Government in any betrayal of Northern Loyalists. The statement was not well received.

The Taoiseach, as the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic is called — one group of my Irish friends vehemently debated whether the word should be pronounced Tayshock or Teashock while another group, requested to spell it for me, essayed not more than ten different answers — in courteously receiving us, had not been asked to make a statement for publications, and I must therefore refrain from attributing to him certain of the views expressed in the course of a private conversation. Similar restraint will be required in describing snatches of the talks I had with other leaders of opinion in Dublin. I feel sure, however, that no affront has been offered to protocol by my mentioning that Mr. Costello told me I was talking nonsense. It is inconceivable that any Irishman discussing partition with an Englishman would resent being quoted in such a context, particularly as the Irish are the only people on earth who can make a remark of that kind without giving a particle of offence!

## Crowning Argument

My chief guide, philosopher and friend during these high excursions in Dublin, a man blessed with the gift of opening all doors, had primed me for this interview by outlining the economic case for the ending of partition. He made it sound very convincing and I am sure he regarded it as the crowning argument.

When the introductions were over and the inevitable topic was broached, I ventured to remark: "As, Sir, the basis of the Irish case against partition is economic, would a customs union meet the requirements of the South?"

The great man regarded me with a baleful eye. "Economics!" he said. "Economics have nothing to



do with the question, nothing whatever." I cast a reproachful eye at my guide, philosopher and friend, and he in turn looked sadly out of the window. "In any event," the statesman continued, "a customs union would not solve any problem. We cannot tolerate two centres of sovereignty in this island. All we ask is that a monstrous crime should be redressed."

"Crime?" I was not sure to which of the many crimes brought to my notice in Ireland reference was now being made.

"Damn it man, the partition of Ireland."

I pondered whether to remark that partition had taken place only after the Sinn Fein members, sweeping the Nationalists out of their seats at the khaki election, instead of going to Westminster, had met at Mansion House, and there — somewhat prematurely — declared Ireland a sovereign, independent Republic. The knowledge that history does not turn on nice legalistic arguments prompted me to leave the point unmade. I said instead: "Would you suggest, Sir, that both sides were the victims of the 'crime'?"

"Of course that is what I would suggest," he replied. "Think man, if the North were to come in, it would have 35% of the votes. It would hold the balance of power in the Dail. It would be, in effect, the ruler of the whole country."

"Tell me, Sir," I said, excessively daring, "tell me — is that what you want?"

The statesman made a gesture suggestive of furiously scattering non-existent papers from the table. "It's not a question of what I want," he exploded. "I'm telling you what will happen."

### Orange And Green

Then there was the great and genial figure of the head of the Anti-Partition Movement — who produced for my inspection an imposing book full of statistics and diagrams. Its chief feature was a map showing an orange blob to represent the area within thirty miles of Belfast, with the rest of the Northern Ireland areas coloured emerald green. "The green," said my informant, "is where we have a majority of 52%."

"Why a thirty-mile radius?" I asked. "Why not a twenty-mile radius or a forty-mile radius? It looks a bit arbitrary to me."

"You wouldn't suggest that it's us who are doing the gerrymandering?" he asked, a ferocious look in his normally twinkling eyes. I laughed, which momentarily relieved the strain, but only momentarily!

"If your figures are accurate," I said, "why not confine your claims to the green patch?"

"Why, man," he shouted, "we would never be satisfied with that." It was an agony to keep my face composed.

"Then why," I enquired, "why go to all the trouble of demarcating green and orange and working out the percentage when what you want is the whole shooting match?" I thought the hotel dining-room would burst its bounds and fill creation with a smell of sulphur. Then almost instantaneously came a change of mood. He gave me a long and earnest gaze.

"What," he asked, "is the smallest unit to which you would be prepared to allow the right to contract out?"

"Southern Ireland contracted out of the British Isles," I remarked.

"She was never a part of the British Isles!"

It seemed to me that this would prove a profitless argument, so I gave the man the honest answer which he sought. "I would allow any unit, however, small, the right to contract out or, what might seem more civilised in this context, the right to stay out, provided it wanted to do so and had the means, either through its own strength or through its affiliations, to maintain itself in that position."

The Irishman looked profoundly shocked. "I would not call that a very moral attitude!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" I asked. "In any case who is to define morality? Is the morality or otherwise of partition to be put to the vote? If so, why not the vote of the British Isles, which was a political entity for many more centuries than Ireland for decades has been a republic? The history of nations is a history not of moral relationships but expediency and power — above all, power."

He looked at me as though he despaired of my soul. It may be that this gloomy subject brought his mind to the happier contemplation of the soul of Ireland, for he laid his hand on my arm and asked, almost in a whisper: "Mr. Chesterton, how can a nation possess its own soul when it is dismembered, and when it feels the anguish of an imposed divorce between its parts?"

There were several answers. The first that occurred to me was to point out that contiguity is not necessarily the same thing as spiritual affinity, and may be its opposite. "Why bring into a now united, homogeneous nation," I asked, "a very large minority which rejects your Gaelic ideal and will have none of your religion? By so doing you will not achieve spiritual integrity. The allegiance of the North is not so feeble an emotion that it can be switched over to Dublin by Act of Parliament. I cannot for the life of me see how you hope to become more fully possessed of your national soul by introducing into



your political entity a million people whose hearts will be elsewhere and whose heads will be constantly occupied with ideas of escaping from a milieu which they abominate."

### Hostile Legislation

By this time others had joined us and our dialogue became a group discussion. "Why should they abominate it?" asked one of the new arrivals, giving me a look of prodigious indignation. "They, too, are Irishmen."

"Then what is the problem?"

"The British Government."

"Come," I expostulated, "you don't really believe that the British Government is keeping the people of Northern Ireland indoctrinated, that they may send representatives to Parliament to vote for the Opposition! Is there no such thing as a religious problem?"

"Could any political party in your country survive were it to accommodate the North with legislation — laws, for instance, relating to divorce and birth-control — which would be hostile to the teaching of the Catholic Church?" There was a long silence which I took as an admission that such a thing could not happen. I looked from face to face and then said, "Doesn't your silence indicate that the North has reason to keep out?"

"Not at all," cried the entire group. The man with whom the argument began said in a voice weighty with censure, "We have the right to make and enforce whatever laws we think best. It's our own country. Do you in Britain consider the Catholic minority when deciding your attitude on divorce? Not at all! You even enforce your birth-control laws on Catholics."

"What birth-control laws?" I enquired, puzzled. "Our police, as you know, are wonderful, but even if there were such laws the police would not prove as wonderful as all that!" It took a split second for the mental picture to form in the minds of my auditors and then a great gust of laughter swept the room.

I arose to take my leave amid cries of protest. "You can't go yet," they said. "We haven't settled the problem." The statement was incontestable.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I have an appointment with a man who wants to talk to me about — partition." This, alas, was only too true, except that I found not one man but eight!

As I was wafted to sleep in the early hours of the next morning, I saw in my mind's eye many fists being thumped on many tables, and in my mind's ear I heard the resonant voice of the Taoiseach, as though magnified by some colossal loudspeaker,

thundering the sentence: "Nonsense, Mr. Chesterton, you are talking nonsense, nonsense, NONSENSE!"

I solemnly declare that the Irish are a great and wonderful people . . .

### G.P.O. "ON THE LEVEL"?

Further to the letter regarding *Freemason News* from Commander Ward in our April issue, we continue to receive reports from readers that make it increasingly apparent some person or persons unknown in the Post Office are deliberately obstructing mail to the publishers of the broadsheet, which is an offence. Captain Kenneth McKilliam has written to us to state that he sent a letter and cheque to the Political Research Association's box address in September, but received no acknowledgement. In November he sent another letter with a cheque by recorded delivery and with his own address on the back of the envelope in case of non-delivery. Again, there was no reply. When he complained to the G.P.O., his letter was returned with "postal address unknown" written on the front. He then wrote to the local postmaster requesting further explanation in view of the fact that he knew the P.R.A. address to be correct. To date, he has heard nothing.

Clearly, *Freemason News* has touched some very sensitive nerves. As the P.R.A. accommodation address has now been terminated, any readers wishing to get in touch may do so via *Candour*.

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"Apt Comment"



# A MAN RIOTOUSLY HIMSELF

by ANTHONY BEAMISH

In his new biography, A. N. Wilson rather harshly dismisses Hilaire Belloc as a dirty, noisy figure, an "opinionated supertramp . . . a self-appointed know-all." Belloc, undoubtedly, displayed signs of eccentricity in his later years and he was *always* a card, but his vivid writing — his poetry, his travelogues, his essays and, particularly, his history — exhibited genius. Granted, he once declared that writing history was a matter of flair, not of facts, yet our immense debt to him is that, more than Lingard, he restored the proportion of English history, and put England back into the context of the Christendom to which it belonged.

Rather more balanced and substantiated judgments than A. N. Wilson's appeared from those who *knew* Belloc, the larger-than-life man. Maisie Ward, for instance, reminisced that she had heard many brilliant talkers, "but none to whom that word can so justly be applied." His theatrically-fierce character went to her head: he took her off her feet, he left her breathless. As for G. K. Chesterton, he brought his other half of Shaw's "Chesterbelloc" beast to vigorous life in the "Portrait of a Friend" chapter of his *Autobiography*. Suffice it here to quote his four simple words of acclaim: "a very remarkable man." Chesterton's testimony, incidentally, hardly concurs with Wilson's curious claim that Moses Bloch's Jewish blood coursed through Belloc's veins. He records that though possessed of a French surname, his friend looked "much more like an Englishman." He was the "traditional John Bull . . . exactly like all English farmers ought to look like; and was, as it were, a better portrait of Cobbett than Cobbett was." *Cherchez le juif*, Mr. Wilson, with a little more care!

## Powerful Mind

Belloc's *The Path To Rome, The Eye-Witness, The Jews* (which no critic of Wilson's biography can resist mentioning without a snarl), his books on the Reformation all reflect the workings of a powerful and convincing mind. But it is his study of the Servile State, in the book of that name, that is, arguably, his *magnum opus*. Its seeds based on Pope Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, Belloc's thesis is as pivotal as those of Adam Smith, Darwin or Marx.

Belloc's subject was the dichotomy within our modern industrial-capitalist society which has led to a small minority of men being economically and politically free, securely confirmed in their possession of the means of production, while the mass of

citizens are economically and politically *unfree*, although secured in certain essentials of life and in a minimal state of well-being. Such a "servile state" Belloc regarded with dread, although in G.K.'s view it was something that "we were already [in 1912] almost as habituated to accepting as to accepting the daylight." It was a move back to a form of slavery, except that the rich would acquire the poor with the poor's consent. He looked back with favour upon the Christian distributive state which had evolved in the mediaeval period, based upon the bulk of the population holding houses and land. As a result of the confiscation of monastic land and its capture by an oligarchy of wealthy land-owners in the Reformation, the system rapidly disintegrated into a capitalist mould, out of which grew the modern industrial state. However, the historic Christian alternative could be made to work again, with the ownership of the means of production vested individually or co-operatively in the people.

## Scarlet Works

"When I am dead, I hope it may be said," wrote Belloc of himself, "his sins were scarlet, but his books were read." The author of more than 150 titles, he was a prodigious writer of phenomenal energy and output. In today's liberal times, however, his words are sadly unfulfilled; as A. N. Wilson puts it, he is "out of fashion, out of print." A thunderous defender of the Roman Catholic Church, an historian and sociologist cognisant of the Jewish question, a trenchant critic of the parliamentary party game, Hilaire Belloc's "scarlet sins" are his books. Hence, they are largely unobtainable except in the occasional second-hand shop. Who knows, or cares, about him these days? Immense credit is due, therefore, to the National Front's book division for importing from the United States supplies of *The Servile State*, where Liberty Press has done equal service by putting this classic back into print. Every *Candour* reader should add Belloc's masterpiece to his library shelves without delay.

**The Servile State** by Hilaire Belloc is obtainable from Nationalist Books, 50 Pawsons Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 2QF. Price: £4.11, including postage.

Serialised extracts from Hilaire Belloc's "The Servile State" were published in "Candour" in the issues for November/December 1981 and January, February/March and April 1982. These back-numbers are still obtainable, price £1.50 inclusive of postage, from Candour Publishing Company, Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire.



# A NATION BETRAYED

by OLIVER GILBERT

Few press-conditioned people today remember that we declared war on Germany in 1939 not, as they now believe, to smash Hitler but to save Poland — the nation to whom we had given assurances that if she were attacked by *any* European power, Britain would at once go to her aid. Like many other agreements, however, this was only honoured in part, for when Hitler's Russian allies — the “blood-stained murderers of the Kremlin”, as Churchill used to call them before they became our “noble Soviet allies” — marched in, we failed to declare war on *them* as well as Germany. Not for the first time in history was Poland partitioned.

I have been sent a new, illuminating booklet entitled *Poland: A Study In Treachery*, by Bernard Smith, and was so impressed by his well-documented research that I thoroughly recommend it to every *Candour* subscriber. In the author's words, it is “the story of how Churchill and Roosevelt surrendered their ally to Stalin, based on the letters, memoirs and speeches of those who took part”.

We owe a great deal to Poland. In 1683, the Battle of Vienna was fought and won by the Poles' gallant King Jan Sobieski. France was actually subsidising the Turkish armies and waiting in the wings for profit from Vienna's fall. But Sobieski saved Europe from the barbarian and infidel. History repeated itself in 1920 when the Mongol hordes of Bolshevism invaded Poland. Pilsudski earned Europe's gratitude by what H. A. L. Fisher described as “the miracle he wrought on the Vistula”. General Carton de Wiart commented, “Had Warsaw fallen, there is no doubt that Poland, and a greater part of Germany and Czechoslovakia, would have become Communist.” Once again, a Polish army had saved our continent from conquest by an alien creed.

Less than two decades later, Poland was torn apart as the Nazis drove in from the west and the Communists from the east. Together, Hitler and Stalin shared the spoils. Now the thunder of battle has been long gone, all thinking men should ask why Britain did not declare war on *Russia* as well as Germany. The Anglo-Polish Agreement of 1939 did not guarantee Poland against attack by any *particular* country — it did not even mention Germany. The text makes it plain that Britain undertook to go to Poland's help were she attacked by *any* European nation. It shows the spineless types we had in the House of Commons in 1939 in that no question was asked about Britain's failure to declare war on Russia too. Then at Teheran in 1943 the betrayal of Poland was compounded by Churchill and Roosevelt

sanctioning Stalin's annexation of the eastern half of Poland as part of the carve-up of Europe.

Later, the author deals with the Katyn forest murders, which in some quarters are still falsely blamed on the Germans. The Foreign Office was seen to maintain its appeasement of the Soviets in 1976, when the surviving Poles in this country wanted to erect a monument in London to their murdered comrades. Under pressure, the then-Labour Government refused permission for the proposed site to be used and forbade members of the armed forces to attend the ceremony because the Katyn monument was deemed to give offence to a power with whom Britain still had friendly relations. It is no wonder that Poland's freedom as a nation has remained trampled underfoot for forty-five years.

**Poland: A Study In Tyranny**, by Bernard Smith, is obtainable from Flint House, 30 Clifton Road, Worthing, Sussex. Price: £1.20, including postage.

## WHO IS A BRITON?

One of the most strident critics of the granting of British citizenship to Miss Zola Budd has been the Labour Shadow Home Secretary, a gentleman who answers to the name of Gerald Kaufman. He was seen and heard, for instance, to criticise the “scandal” of Miss Budd's new British passport in an outburst on Robin Day's *Question Time* recently. Kaufman should remember that this outstanding young athlete is more fitting as a representative of our country than many of the individuals now appearing for Britain because she is of long-standing British descent. Was not her grandfather born in England? And as John Junor pointedly observed in the *Sunday Express*, “Isn't that more than can be said of Mr. Kaufman's?” Rather than assiduously pontificating on who is a Briton, Kaufman should consider the effect of his comments on the brave yahoos who chant “White South African trash” or “Get out of England” when the 17-year-old slip of a girl is running her races.

### KATYN

by Louis FitzGibbon

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## VERNACULARITY

The inexactitude belies  
The charm, the nuance and surprise  
Of speech.  
Though pundits and professors sigh,  
Grammarians, too, are wont to cry  
And slangsters to impeach.

Yet common usage does perform  
Etymologically a norm  
And reach  
The dictionary status for  
The word devised outside the law  
Which purists aim to teach.

Familiarity breeds contempt  
And, thus, a Police Inspector went  
Too far;  
So erudite in words forbid,  
Inadvertently he did  
Let slip a word to jar.

Race-mixers in ebony towers,  
Secret and subversive powers  
Which mar  
Nature's divine ordinance,  
Pride of ethnic 'heritance  
All differences to bar.

The Copper went beyond the pale —  
Excuses were of no avail  
To log —  
He uttered quite spontaneously —  
Antithesis of "White Honkey" —  
The soubriquet "Nig-Nog"

A double-standard to salute,  
Render Race a more minute  
Design!  
O criminal vernacular!  
One word made so spectacular  
And Fuzz content that colleague shall resign.

Bold the headlines in the Press,  
Air-waves vibrating no less  
With mote!  
But all is well — the victim squirms  
And thousands madly come to terms  
Cosmopolis — and government by rote.

B. E. BIGGS.

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We believe Walsh to be one of the finest historians-in-depth of this century. He exposes the reality of events and the forces causing them, some of which no other historian has unearthed. This extremely valuable and difficult to obtain book tells how Queen Isabella of Castile rid her country of the Moors and used the Inquisition with success against malefactors.

**Survivals And New Arrivals by Hilaire Belloc, £1.25**

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## APOLOGY

Owing to the fact that the obituary for Air Commodore Oddie was submitted to our printer at the last minute, an unforgivable type-setting error appeared in the May issue. Gerard Oddie, of course, urged on nationalist publications *prophetic* biblical quotations. We apologise to readers for any unintentional offence caused by this clanger.

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